Dar. A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt.
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demaundſt?
Dar. The forfeit (ſoueraigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman.
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
Kin. Haue *I* a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
*W*ho ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?
*W*ho told me in the field by Teuxburie,
*W*hen Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you
But for my brother, not a maſt would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him, poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence

Glo.

Glo. This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Look*t* pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeu*
Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence childre
Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
Dut. No boy.
Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beat you
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy ſonne?
Girle. Why do you looke on vs and ſhake your h
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, caſtawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My prettie Coſens, you miſtake me much,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loth to looſe him, not your fathers death:
It were loſt labour to weepe for one that's loſt.
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whom *I* will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue
Incapable and ſhallow innocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſde your fathers death.
Boy. Granam, we can: for my good *V*ncle Gloce
Told me, the *K*ing prouoked by the Queene,
Deuiſ'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and *k*indly *k*iſt my cheek
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.
Dut. Oh that deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſha
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my ſonne, yea and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my *V*ncle did diſſemble, Grana
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noiſe is this

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